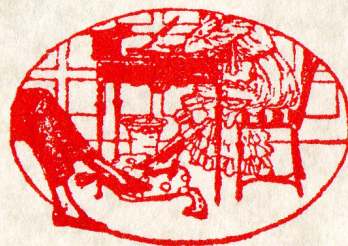


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C. Mehri Bennett
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SOME BLOOD: JOINT POEMS

By

C. MEHRL BENNETT &

JOHN M. BENNETT



LUNA BISONTE PRODS

1982

SOME BLOOD

Some of these poems have appeared
previously in:

Artist's Pulp, Assembling, Invisible City,
Lost and Found Times, Trax, and Zone

LAMP WIND

\$3

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ISBN: 0-935350-07-1

Signed & Lettered edition, \$8, 0-935350-08-x

LUNA BISONTE PRODS

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Ohio Arts Council Individual Artist
Mini-grant Recipient/FY 1982

Because I smell my feet
I did not go to work or eat my noodles
because I squeezed my nose
the art was full of running lines
because the soap was thin
my sock got wet in an icy puddle
because my hat was full of rocks
I could not be hidden in the attic
because I wore my pocket
the clock stopped during a bank holdup
because I spit on the wall
your face appeared in the window

John M. Bennett

SEP 23 1981

C. Mehrl Bennett

The diary fell between our knees
I pressed my belly close to hers
she asked if the pages were empty or
full of strokes and marks
I didn't know but said
"Let's write a book of meat"
she asked about the words
which fell through a crack in the floor
"My words are here" I said and
held up my hand to her face

She wore a belt of tiny skulls
and sat by candlelight and
painted mirrors I asked her if
she'd fixed my watch; No, she said, My
hands are broke my eyes are in my nails and
the world is ending at noon
The time is ripe, I said
squeezing her soft face in my fist

Breathing, I thought the noise I
heard beneath the bed was the
kiss of rolling dice
"Click your steaks" he
whispered to me sticking out his tongue I
touched his air he held my head
I heard the bones go ticking out the door

A man we do not know
was coughing at the door
he was looking for his wife
"Her butt's out back" I whined
and showed my dishwasher for sale
"We don't need no screaming metal
your wife says paint it yellow
to match the pissetains on your teeth"
"She eats my tongue but will not
hammer in the nails" he grinds and
sweats out back
dragging his shovel behind him

Words behind wire
digging thru your hair
the wall was on fire
and it's winter out there



My back was full of ants
I stood up in the shower
felt the glassbits on my face I
cut off my dick and drowned it
saw a lightbulb hanging from the
towel bar saw a
towel hanging from the socket with my
angry words smeared upon it

We never knew it could be so bad
the can of frosting in the icebox
emits a burning gas
we had to bury the TV
tonight we'll smear the cake
and join our tube in the tomato patch

She was coughing in the basement
he was eating a roll covered with flies
she was raising her hand to her hair
he was seeing his reflection in her eyes

She was getting to her feet
he was thinking of a poem
she was flexing the wings of her nose
he was talking on the telephone

She was grabbing the knife
he was floating far off shore
she opened her lips
and blew a feather toward the door

Pinhead, plastic bubbles, big sink
a wad of eyelids swirling in it
Testtube baby, rubber sissors, penknife it
sucked my face up to the mirror
Split doors, cage beard, the crooked
labels drooling ink upon the glass

Snow had filled the boxes on the lawn
globs of soap were pouring out the washer
the cat was in the dryer squeeling
claws on steel she
dashed out to the icy trees and
melted a hole with her piss

Butts, the cat, couldn't close her jaws
I saw her bleeding eye
Chicken cat food crammed in her head
A tooth beside the can opener

My teeth looked nice
as I scrubbed the toilet with "Comet"
my hankee folded
as I put mudpack on my face
my nose was blown
when I went to the mailbox
my penis twirling
I turned on the TV

I was sneezing on my arm
dripping acid into a pot of dirt
I saw green slimy snakes
fleeing from their dark

I looked up at the window
hearing white noise only
I saw a round light
a portrait of a fair-haired Christ
a hatchet stuck in each eye
holding a kleenex out to me

The upstairs rooms of all the houses on the block
are covered and blank, but for one
where a bulging adolescent
stands and fingers her thighs

Outside, an old lady in a raincoat
looks like a fork in the air she
swings a broken umbrella and a crushed lunch;
a shoe is flying toward the glass

Her shoe was filled with ice
soon dandruff would flake from her boobs
she covered them up with tape and bent nails
and hunched her way to the bank
"I want my buks in gold" she thought
fingering the fuzzy book at the clerk

Frost covered all the display windows
a dummy was lying on the street
wigs were falling from the sky
there was something sticky on my feet

A truck stops in the street
A woman's foot has been severed
A nail sticks in the door
Everyone in town is awake

100 plastic gloves were lying
in the rain at the dog pound
I thought of taking off my shoes
stepping in dogshit and blowing up the
gloves with pee, I'll pop my face, I said and
ran off down the loading dock

Next day, I was lying in the hospital and
saw a nurse with double heads she
bleached my watch in a cup of Twinings tea I
saw no plastic gloves but my
feet had lost their nails

A little boy said "penis"
his hat was in the air
twenty-five people in the room
and all their hands were bare

I was jerking before the computer terminal
punching codes and names that control
the size of all yer shirts
the white bread on yer shelf
the same nose that wipes the same kleenex the
same ass with shoe stuck up it
so you don't throw a fit
so you don't start to stink
and smell up all yer pants, baby

A knife lay on his head
face to dirt and neck sunburnt
her car was ticking in the heat
she drew a line around the body
and lay her hand on the meat

I dreamed I bought some shoes
with wrist watches for straps
I was naked on the street
because my clothes were cut and dirty
I stood before the hole

I was buried in the sand
I was opening my mouth
consuming it like a worm
spitting it out like a snake
in my eyes little crystals

We went out the door marked Time and Death
I saw a pair of pants knotted in the street
two lines of kids in pleated skirts
and a bunch of nuns with bloody feet
Ronny Baby flashed by on a steel horse
coffee cups breaking in the gutters
padded bras were glowing in the windows
a man with burning pockets began to mutter
"One-a-penny, two-a-penny, three-a-penny, more...
I beat my face upon the floor"

The railing under my hand
charred ducks on the lawn

The hallway full of empty shoes
a dozen eggs roll through them

Red crayola streaks the glass
bunny rabbits buried in the grass head first

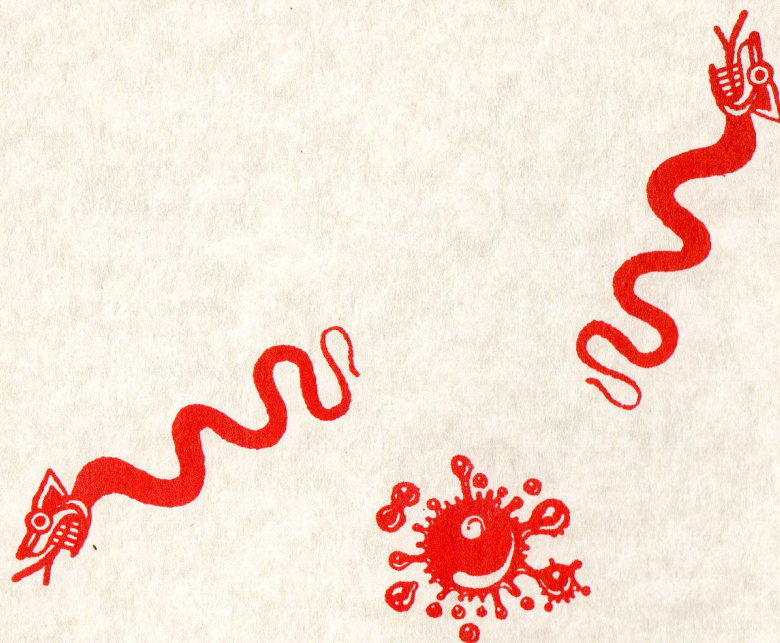
My army is in a swimming pool she said her
fingers squealing on the glass

In China there are elephants with space helmets
and women with plastic brainmasks on their heads
In Russia there are triple stacked egg disks
and lots of women with Ronald Reagan masks
In England there are Peter Piper Punks and Robbers
and there the women wear masks of skulls
In Mexico there are flowered geese selling babies
and women with masks of yellow basketballs
In Canada there are Aphrodites licking small stamps
and women wearing masks of cement ducks
In the USA there are pigs fighting the pop machines
and women wearing masks of chops

BORE SHOOT

The animals speak a secret code
they even speak when their feet are cold
sometimes they remember old addresses
sometimes they shit on juniortique dresses
some animals change their color with seasons
and some even eat their eyes, with reasons;
I saw a pink-orange dayglo flamingo,
said: I see the flow I see the flow

Plastic pentops spinning on
the lipstick counter
a nylon glove pinned on a dummy's nose it
sucks that lady's dollars out her mouth
she's twirling on a pen she
giggles, draws a turd upon the mirror



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